

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

Pledged to The Republican Policy of Reciprocity and Protection to American Industries, as Formulated in The Republican National Platform.

VOL. XIX.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1905.

NO. 18

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

What Antioch People Are Doing and Where They Go--Other News

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS

Fort Local News Gathered in Our Journeys About the Town, and Which You Should Know

Dr. and Mrs. Ames spent Christmas day in Waukegan.

Miss Alice Brompton of Chicago visited relatives here over Christmas.

Mrs. W. Gardener, of Grayslake, visited relatives here over Christmas.

Walter and Frank Taylor of Waukegan spent Sunday with relatives here.

Birch and maple cord wood and pine slabs for sale at Barker Lumber Co. 1114

Ira Webb of Rocky Ford, Col., was visiting with relatives here the latter part of week.

Sale--Some choice Plymouth Rock. Inquire of R. Johannott, Antioch.

Auto is spending a part of his Christmas with relatives at Forreston.

Power of Cleveland is visiting with nearest and Clair Kelly this week.

Karl and Ada Lux of DeKalb, Ill., are visiting with their parents here over Christmas.

Miss Tillie Winko of Kenosha was an over Christmas visitor with her parents at Antioch.

Miss Maud Turner of Grayslake spent the fore part of the week with her parents at this place.

New and second hand pianos and sewing machines for sale or rent, or will trade for horses. L. B. Grice.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pullen spent Christmas in Waukegan, returning home on Tuesday.

For Rent--A farm of 150 acres, on half mile west of Loomis Lake. Inquire Thomas Armstrong on the farm. 1614

F. E. Fenderson of Round Lake was calling on Antioch friends on Tuesday this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Craft of Kenosha spent Christmas with relatives in the vicinity.

For Rent--An eighty acre farm, a mile west of Russell station. Inquire L. J. Sloum; Russell, Ill. 16

Robert Wallace of Waukegan spent Christmas at the home of his sister, M. A. G. Watson.

Ben Van Patten of Delevan, Wis., is visiting his parents and calling on friends over Christmas.

John Turner and friend of Chicago were guests over Christmas of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Turner.

Write to Alden, Bidinger & Co., Waukegan, Ill., for prices and terms on new and used pianos and organs.

Mr. Dubois, who is employed at Brock's harness shop, spent Christmas with his relatives at Libertyville.

Frank Chinn and Paul Forbick of Grayslake were Christmas visitors with Antioch relatives and friends.

Hugh Brogan has rented his farm for a term of years and has purchased the Barney Naber house on Victoria street and expects to move to our village to reside in the near future.

A rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip, with minimum selling rate of 80 cents, will prevail on the Wisconsin Central for the Christmas and New Year holidays. Tickets on sale Dec. 2 to 8 and Jan. 1, returning Jan. 4.

For Sale or Rent--A small place consisting of two and one third acres, with house, barn, good well and cistern. Situated at Hickory corner, possession given at any time. Call on or address L. J. Sloum; Russell, Ill. 1414

For Sale--Grounds of the Columbia Club, (house lately burned down) located on the north east shore of Fox Lake, Ill. Containing one acre more or less, with ice house, windmill, concrete walks, and excellent stone shore protection. Bids for which will be received by the undersigned. The club reserving the right to reject any or all bids. J. J. Wilson, 1538 Grace street, Chicago.

Man of Rosecrans and Christman Antioch relatives.

Mrs. Eldora Horton spent Christmas with friends in Chicago.

Williams of Chicago spent Christmas with her parents at this place.

Bird of Chicago was visiting her Greenacre over Christmas.

Brook of Chicago was an over Christmas with his parents north of

Mrs. Percy Chinn of Kenosha and this week with Antioch relatives.

Mrs. H. Loomis of Chicago spent Christmas with the latter's parents Mrs. Joseph Haycock.

Emmons visited his son Will at Will, the latter part of last week spent Christmas there.

Williams who is attending school is spending her holiday vacation at home of her parents at this place.

Maud Brogan who has been spending two weeks with her mother here returned to Kenosha on Tuesday.

Pullen arrived home a few days ago explaining that the cause of his gait is the result of cutting his

Ladies Aid society of Lake Villa met with Mrs. H. Potter on Wednesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Hoyerdt, W. S. Westlake, Mrs. J. and son, Eldora Horton, Mrs. Lib-

ing and D. A. Williams.

M. Mau, Jr., has purchased the poultry farm of his father, Wm. Mau, Sr., near this place, and he and his wife have taken possession of it. Mr. Mau

has been employed by his father-in-law, J. Florick, the past season.

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A DARING ROBBERY

Mrs. Thos. Irving Held Up at Her Home in Pleasant Prairie Friday

ROBBERS MAKE ESCAPE IN A BUGGY

Revolver Pressed Against Mrs. Irving's Head and Forced to Reveal Hiding Place of Family Exchequer

The most daring daylight robbery that ever occurred in Kenosha county took place at half past three o'clock Friday afternoon when two men drove to the home of Thos. Irving in Pleasant Prairie, and finding Mrs. Irving alone in the house, one of the men clapped a revolver to her temple and forced her to turn over to him twenty-eight dollars in money. After the money had been secured the men went back and got into the rig and drove toward Kenosha. Two hours later the police and sheriff were notified of the crime but the men had by that time escaped.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving reside alone at the old homestead two and a half miles south of Kenosha on the Sand Road and they usually keep a small amount of money in the house to take care of urgent expenses. On Friday afternoon Mr. Irving went out to a pasture lot far from the house to sell some calves and Mrs. Irving was alone in the house. When the men knocked at the back door Mrs. Irving suspecting nothing, opened the door and before she could speak the men had pushed themselves into the room. One of the men drew a revolver from his pocket and placed it against the woman's head and demanded that she give up what money there was in the house. Mrs. Irving was so terrified that she could not without aid and without making any objection she led the robber to the hiding place of the family exchequer. Not a word was spoken by the two robbers during the transaction but as soon as they had secured the money they backed out of the house and jumped into the buggy and the pair drove back toward Kenosha.

Mrs. Irving was completely overcome by the shock of the incident and she was found in a dazed condition when her husband returned to the house. After she had been revived she told the story of the daring crime and as soon as possible the husband called up the police office and the sheriff and notified them to look out for the two men. This was two hours after they had left the Irving farm and in that time they could have driven all the way to Racine. The victim gave a pretty good description of the man who held the revolver and a description, in a way, is answered by a well known local crook who is said to be missing. The police at once sent telegrams and telephones to the surrounding cities and every effort is being made to locate the men. It is thought possible that the men are residents of Kenosha and that they were aware of the fact that the woman was alone in the house, and took this means of securing a little easy Christmas money. It is claimed that Mrs. Irving has entirely recovered from the shock of the incident.

Rubber Put to Bad Use.

In some of the mines of South Africa, where it is necessary to floor the miners, strips of rubber have been substituted for the scourge, as the rubber, while causing very sharp pain, does not cut the flesh like leather thongs.--Indiana Rubber Journal.

Dolls' Houses in Japan.

Japanese children have the most wonderful dolls' houses in the world. These are most completely furnished, have little cages for chirruping insects instead of birds, and even tiny bookcases filled with dolls' poetry books about the size of an ordinary postage stamp.

Cork Best for Packing Fruits.

Cork has proven to be the best material for packing fruits and vegetables. About twenty pounds of cork will serve for four hundred or five hundred pounds of fruit. The material protects against cold, heat, and humidity, and fruit that is sound at first and well packed in cork may be kept fresh for a year.

Evidently Written by a Bachelor.

The generous, open-hearted manner in which wives sacrifice their husbands' clothing in order to relieve the distress of others has always been a prominent trait in the feminine character, equaled only by their neglect to make similar contributions from their own wardrobe.--Pittsburg Gazette.

Exchange Screenings.

Melberry county sued the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad recently for allowing Canada thistles to grow on the right of way near Richmond. After two trials in different courts the company was found guilty of the charge and assessed \$110 for damages.

There were 49,880,953 pounds of oleomargarine manufactured in the United States last year. Of this vast amount 30,512,100 pounds were made in Illinois, nearly all of it being manufactured in Chicago. The sum of \$444,976 was paid in internal revenue on oleomargarine.

A large timber wolf weighing thirty-two pounds was captured near Elkhorn last week by Charles Smith. For some time farmers thereabout had lost hogs and a trap was set. It finally gobbled him after catching two hawks, a pair of crows and a skunk. Smith received a twenty dollar bounty.

A country boy sat on a fence enclosing a cornfield. A city chap passing by remarked: "Your corn looks kind of yellow." Yes sir that's the kind we planted answered the lad. "It don't look like you'd have more than half a crop, said the city chap." No, we don't expect to, the landlord gets the other half. The stranger hesitated a moment and then he quietly ventured, "There isn't much difference between you and a fool." No, only a strip of weeds said the farmers boy and the city man drove on.

Dr. Barber.

Frank Pitman has a souvenir jewel which he has carried about his person for the past two years without knowing it. It is a piece of plate glass the size of a pumpkin seed which found its way into his lower limb just below the knee while doing duty as a fireman at Antioch, Ill., at which time he narrowly escaped with his life. The wound never healed. Several days ago he attempted to lance it when the blade of his knife grated against the glass. Frank tried to get it out but failed.

Last Friday night it began to pain him terribly. Arising to the opportunity and also in his night clothes he betook himself across the way to his neighbor Barber's and aroused that worthy from his slumbers, telling him in a few exclamatory sentences just what the trouble was. Dr. Barber got up, admitted the patient, filled his capacious mouth with Adams' Standard tooth a large squirt at the wood box and stood ready for business.

The doctor's veterinary implements were nearby. Taking out a small meat ax and a vicious looking sabre, several desperate lunges were made in the direction of Hong-Kong and Yokohama. Fred has been to the school of mines and mining, and he knows how to dig. Only one more stroke was necessary. The mineral was located and a light tug with a pair of big horse pincers was only necessary to pull the offender out. Mr. Barber has well earned his noble title and such is the hardness of our North Wisconsin farmers even if they do come from Illinois. The Chetek Alert.

Annual Insurance Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Millburn Mutual Insurance Company will be held in the lower room Masonic Hall at Millburn, Illinois, on Saturday, January 6, 1906, at 10:30 a. m. to receive the official report of the management and state of the company, and, if necessary, to make any change in the By-Laws for the election of officers, and to attend to any other business that may become before the meeting. A full attendance is desired.

John A. Thain, Secretary. Millburn, Dec. 26, 1905.

Not a Terrible Death.

A terrible accident occurred on a farm near Woodstock last Friday when Fred White was operating a gasoline engine and engaged in sawing wood on the farm which is owned by August Kindt. The large belt on the engine kept slipping off and they decided to use a crow bar to keep it in place. After a time, however, the bar got caught in the belt and was thrown into the air. In falling, the point of the crow bar struck Will Kindt in the face, entering near the eye and coming out near the jaw bone, and the bar was pulled out while he lay unconscious on the ground.

Oil Paints Kill Germs.

Oil paints have a marked deterrent effect upon various bacilli of disease, as tests made in Paris have shown. The germs of tuberculosis, especially, are much checked by paints. They do not thrive on a painted surface as they do where there is no paint to check wood or metal.

Book Worth Large Fortune.

The most valuable book in the British museum is "The Codex Alexandrinus," said to be worth \$1,500,000.

DEATH UNDER CARS

Private Goerling, of 27th Infantry, Meets Death Under Trolley Car

THE SECOND DEATH IN COMPANY H

Jumps Out of the Way of One Car and Right Into the Path of Another Coming From Opposite Direction

Private Goerling of the 27th infantry, at Fort Sheridan was at the Fourteenth street station in North Chicago when he received injuries that caused his death.

Goerling, with several others, awaited the car. When the coach came that he expected to take another car was coming from the opposite direction, it is reported. Goerling jumped out of the way of one and into the path of the other. He was ground under the wheels and his skull crushed, besides receiving several other injuries. He was removed to the hospital and died there in a few moments.

A strange fact is that the death of Goerling is the second to take place in Company H, which has long been in the service. This small death rate is all the more remarkable when it is considered that the company when through the Philippine wars and spent four months in China during the Boxer trouble. The other man died of illness.

Goerling, the corrected details run, was not struck by one car while getting out of the way of another, but rushed from the Fourteenth street station at a great rate of speed, so fast in fact that he was unable to stop himself, and ran right into the speeding trolley car, the corner of which hit him. There were two people over his right eye and the left eye was bruised.

Origin of Famous Saying.

In olden times a quern, or hand-mill was used for grinding corn. Before the grain was ready for grinding it was winnowed in a heavy-framed sort of sieve on bearings, called a "tense." Sometimes a strong, energetic man would make the wooden bearings quite hot with friction, so that it got to be the fashion to say to a lazy person, "Ah, you would never set the tense on fire!" now corrupted to "Thames."

Has "Made Good" in Life.

Hornes E. Burt, president of the Union Pacific railroad, has been visiting the home of his childhood, Racine, Ind. Forty years ago he was a barefoot urchin there and was known as "boy no account," because he seemed to have an unconquerable aversion to hard work. At last he got a job at railroad, prospered and now comes back in a private car to visit friends whom he knew in the long ago.

The Stage Nurse.

I should like to comment upon the idiosyncrasies of the stage nurse, or her propensities for sitting on the chest of the hero, when he is shot through the lung, or for covering with her uniform cloak the rags of the second assistant heroine during the onset of the cotton wool snow storm, thereby disclosing an elaborate evening dress underneath. Manchester Medical Students' Gazette.

Demolish Old Iron Bridge.

The second iron bridge ever constructed, now in course of demolition, is to make way for an improved structure at Bullwys, Shropshire. The first attempt at an iron bridge was made at Lyons in 1757, and one of the arches put together, when the project was abandoned as being impracticable. Thus it was left to Salopian iron masters to show the world that bridges could be built of metal in lieu of stone or wood. London Sphere.

Tact of Napoleon III.

In the memoirs of Dr. Thomas Evans appears this anecdote of the court of Emperor Napoleon III., in Paris: "At a ball given at the Tuilleries a general slipped on the polished floor, fell at the emperor's feet, pulling down with him his partner, 'Madame,' said the emperor, assisting the lady to rise 'this is the second time Gen. has fallen in my presence; the first time was at Solferino.'"

Perfume from Apple Peelings.

Take apple peelings and dry them and some day when the house seems musty take a handful and throw them on the stove. Take off the peelings before they begin to burn, but leave them on just long enough to get the delicious fumes, they will give out the times that are so delightful when they come out of the oven as baked apples are cooking.

HIS ORDER WAS ON THE WAY.

With That Assurance, the Diner Was Willing to Wait.

Many a good story has been told of "Father" Whittemore, the celebrated Universalist preacher of Cambridge, but, so far as I know, the following has never been in print. It was told by his daughter to a member of my family.

Mr. Whittemore went once to the restaurant then on the corner of Hanover and Court streets, and ordered real. He waited patiently till all his neighbors had been served, even those who had entered the restaurant after him. At last he called the waiter and asked him how soon his order would be filled.

"Right away, now, sir," was the reply; "they're just carving, sir."

"Just carving! Just carving!" echoed Mr. Whittemore. "Well, I thought I heard something else, but I hoped my order was further along than that!" And with a sign of resignation he again settled himself back in his chair for patient waiting. Boston Herald.

Told by Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Henrietta Russell, who writes sensibly on education, says some of the current notions in regard to it are strikingly like those of Aunt Charlotte, an old negro woman of Alabama.

Whenever a subject was under discussion in the family Charlotte would be sure to state her own superior method of proceeding in such matters, and no doubt ever assailed her that possibly she might not be right. On one occasion her mistress was talking about sending some of the children to school, and Charlotte, as usual, put in her oar.

"Laws, missis," said she, "what mek you pay money for to sen' de chile to school? I got one smart boy name Jonas, but I larns him myself!"

"But, Aunt Charlotte," said the lady, "how can you teach your child when you don't know one letter from another?"

"How I teach him? I jis' mek him tek de book an' set down de do, an' den I say: 'Jonas, you tek yo' eyes fum dat book, much less learn him I s'eln you alive!'"

Wise Uncle Eben.

"Dar's too much advice," said Uncle Eben. "Dar's too many people kin tell you jes' how to sharpen ax, an' not enough choppin' wood." Washington Star.

CHRISTMAS SUPPER TO EMPLOY

One of the most graceful courtesies extended to its employees by any Waukegan business house was the giving of a supper Saturday night by Hein-Ornstein Company to its employee.

After the busy store closed for the two days' respite after the holiday rush, employers, employees and all made their way to the Schwartz hotel, where, after an interval, a substantial and excellent menu was served.

After the supper, speeches were called for, and Mr. Hein responding for the firm, very tactfully thanked those who were with the company for the assistance in building up the firm's present prosperous trade. Mr. Ornstein also responded.

There were responses from all about the board, and the good natured party broke up at a late hour.

The act of Hein-Ornstein Company was all the more thoughtful when it is considered that on Saturday half of the employees in the store had no time for lunch at noon, and still more had no time for supper at night, so that a touch of utility was added to the festive nature of the occasion.

Auction Sale.

The undersigned having rented his farm will sell at public auction on the farm 2 1/2 miles east of Antioch and 3 1/2 miles from Bean Hill school house, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., on Tuesday, January 2, 1906, the following described property, to-wit: 1 bay horse, 6 years old, 1 brown mare, 6 years old, 2 yearling colts (1 by O'Plain Chief and 1 by Coach horse), 5 new milch cows, 5 cows coming in in spring, 12 shoats 2 Poland China brood sows, 500 bu. oats, 30 bu. wheat, 1 stack straw, 15 tons tame hay, 9 tons slough hay, 900 bu. corn, 10 bu. seed corn, 100 chickens, 1 ton bran, 100 oak posts, 1 Deering binder, McCormick mower, seeder, pulverizer, walking plow, 2 set drags, 1 Deering hay rake, planter, narrow tire wagon, truck wagon, cutter, riding cultivator, walking cultivator, ahovel plow, 4 milk cans, 20 grain sacks, 1 pair 600 lb. scales, 1 set double harness, 1 set single harness, 1 braking harness, 1 children's kettle, stone boat, grind stone. The usual terms. Free lunch at noon. Hugh Brogan, Prop. George Vogel, Auctioneer.

The Doctor's Wife

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I'm not going far; only—only a little way on the Blarney road," Isabel answered, pitifully; and then her head sank back against the wall behind her, and she sighed a plaintive, almost heart-broken sigh. Her life was very hard just now, begirt with terror and peril, as she thought.

A whole after life of happiness could not have atoned for her the pang of seeing a dreadful change come upon the familiar face. Sometimes, in spite of herself, though she put away the thought from her with shuddering horror, the idea that George Gilbert might not recover would come into her mind.

He might not recover; the horror which so many others had passed through might overtake her. Oh, the hideous tramp of the undertaker's men upon the stairs; the knocking, unlike all other knocking; the dreadful aspect of the shrouded house! She thought of all the deaths in her favorite books; of Paul Dombey, falling slowly, day by day, with the golden water rippling on the wall; David Copperfield, sitting weeping in the dusk; and Agnes, with her holy face and quiet uplifted hand. If—if any such sorrow came upon her, Mrs. Gilbert thought that she would join some community of holy women, and go about doing good until she died. Was it so very strange, this sudden conversion? Surely not! In these enthusiastic natures sentiment may take any unexpected form.

CHAPTER XXII.

After that scene in the church at Hurstonsleigh, Roland Lansdell went back to Mordred, to think, with even greater bitterness, of the woman he loved. That silent encounter—the sight of the pale face, profoundly melancholy, almost statuesque in its air of half-despairing resignation—had exercised no softening influence on the mind of this young man, who could not understand why the one treasure for which he languished should be denied to him.

He was sitting in the library by the lamp, when George Gilbert came one evening, when George Gilbert had been ill about a fortnight, a soft, subdued light shining dimly. He had been brooding over his books, but scarcely reading half a dozen pages ever since 9 o'clock, and it was now half past 11. He was stretching his hand toward the bell in order to summon his valet, and release that personage from the task of sitting up any longer, when that gentleman entered the library.

"Would you please to see any one, sir?" he asked.

"Would I please to see any one?" cried Roland, "who would want to see me at such a time of night? Is there anything wrong? Is it any one from Lowlands?"

"No, sir; it's a strange lady; leastways, when I say a strange lady, I think, sir, though her veil being down, and a very thick veil, I should not like to speak positively—I think it's Mrs. Gilbert, the doctor's lady, from Graybridge."

Mr. Lansdell's valet coughed doubtfully behind his hand, and looked discreetly at the carved oaken bosses in the ceiling. Roland started to his feet.

"Mrs. Gilbert," he muttered, "at such an hour as this, it can't be; she would never—Show the lady here, whoever she is," he added aloud to his servant. "There must be something wrong; it must be some very important business that brings any one to this place to-night."

The valet departed, closing the door behind him, and Roland stood alone upon the hearth, waiting for his late visitor. All the warmer tints faded out of his face, and left him very pale. Why had she come to him at such a time? What purpose could she have in coming to that house save one? She had come to revoke her decision. For a moment a flood of remorse swept into his soul, warm and revivifying as the glory of a sudden sunburst on a dull gray autumn day.

"My poor ignorant, innocent girl; how hard it seems that my love must forever place her at a disadvantage," he thought.

The door was opened by the valet with as bold a sweep as if a duchess had been entering in all the glory of her court robes, and Isabel came into the room. One glance showed Mr. Lansdell that she was very nervous, that she was suffering cruelly from the terror of his presence; and it may be that even before she had spoken he understood that she had not come to announce any change in her decision. There was nothing desperate in her manner. She stood before him pale and irresolute, with pleading eyes lifted meekly to his face.

"I hope you are not angry with me for coming here at such a time," she said, in a low, tremulous voice. "I could not come any earlier, or later."

"It can never be anything but a pleasure for me to see you," Roland answered gravely, "even though the pleasure is strangely mingled with pain. You have come to me, perhaps, because you are in some kind of trouble, and have need of my services in some way or other. I am very much pleased to think that you can so far confide in me; I am very glad to think that you can rely on my friendship."

Mr. Lansdell said this because he saw that the doctor's wife had come to demand some favor at his hands, and he wished to smooth the way for that demand. Isabel looked up at him with something like surprise in her gaze. She had not expected that he would be like this, calm, still, self-possessed, reasonable. A mournful feeling took possession of her heart. She thought that his love must have perished altogether, or he could not surely have been so kind to her, so gentle or dispassionate.

"You are very, very good not to be angry with me," she said, "I have come to ask you a favor, a very great favor, and I—"

She stopped, and sat silently twisting the handle of her parasol, the old green parasol under whose shadow Roland had so often seen her. It was quite evident that her courage had failed her altogether at this crisis.

"It is not for myself I am going to ask you this favor," she said, still hesitating and looking down at the parasol; "it is for another person, who—it is a secret, in fact, and—"

"Whatever it is, it shall be granted," Roland answered, "without question, without comment."

"I have come to ask you to lend me—or at least I had better ask you to give it to me, for indeed I don't know when money, a great deal of money—fifty dollars."

She looked at him as if she thought the magnitude of the sum must inevitably astonish him, and she saw a tender, half-melancholy smile upon his face.

"My dear Isabel—my dear Mrs. Gilbert—if all the money I possess in the world could secure you happiness, I would willingly leave here to-morrow a penniless man. I would not for the world that you should be embarrassed for an hour, while I have more money than I know what to do with. I will write you a check immediately—or, better still, half a dozen blank checks, which you can fill up as you require them."

But Isabel shook her head at this proposal. "You are very kind," she said, "but a check would not do. It must be money, if you please, the person for whom I want it would not take a check."

"The person for whom you want it?" he repeated. "It is not for yourself, then, that you want this money?"

"Oh, no, indeed. What would I want with so much money?"

"I thought you might be in debt. I thought that—ah, I see; it is for your husband that you want the money."

"Oh, no; my husband knows nothing about it. But oh, pray don't question me. Ah, if you knew how much I suffered before I came here to-night. If there had been any other person in the world who could have helped me I would never have come here; but there is no one, and I must get the money."

Roland's face grew darker as Mrs. Gilbert spoke. Her agitation, her earnestness, mystified and alarmed him.

"Isabel," he cried, "heaven knows I have little right to question you; but there is something in the manner of your request that alarms me. Can you doubt that I am your friend—next to your husband, your best and truest friend, perhaps? Forget every word that I have ever said to you, and believe only what I say to-night, to-night, when all my better feelings are aroused at the sight of you. Believe that I am your friend, Isabel, and for pity's sake trust me. Who is this person who wants money of you? Is it your stepmother?"

If so, my checkbook is at her disposal. "No," faltered the doctor's wife; "it is not my stepmother, but—"

"But it is for some member of your family?"

"Yes," she answered, drawing a long breath; "but oh, pray do not ask me any more questions. You said just now that you would grant me the favor I asked without question or comment. Ah, if you knew how painful it was to me to come here."

"Indeed! I am sorry that it was so painful to you to trust me."

"Ah, if you knew—," Isabel murmured in a low voice, speaking to her self rather than to Roland.

Mr. Lansdell took a bunch of keys from his pocket and went across the room to an iron safe cunningly fashioned after the presentment of an antique ebony cabinet. He opened the ponderous door and took a little casket from one of the shelves.

Roland counted out some notes and handed them to Isabel. She arose and stood for a few moments, hesitating as if she had something more to say—something almost as embarrassing in its nature as the money question had been.

"I hope you will not think me troublesome," she said; "but there is one more favor that I want to ask you."

"Do not hesitate to ask anything of me; all I want is your confidence."

"It is only a question that I wish to ask. You talked some time since of going away."

"Yes, my plans are all made for an early departure."

"A very early departure? You are going almost immediately?"

"Immediately—to-morrow morning. It may be a long time before I return."

There was a little pause, during which Roland saw that a faint flush kindled in Isabel Gilbert's face, and that her breath came and went rather quicker than before.

"Then I must say good-bye to-night," she said.

"Yes; it is not likely that we shall meet again. Good night—good-bye. Perish the thought, when I am a pottering old man, telling people the same anecdote every time I shall dine with them, a crack physician in Kyllington, petted by rich old ladies and riding in a yellow barouche—(ill then, good-bye.)"

He held Isabel's hand for a few moments, as if in that frail tenure he held the last link that bound him to love and life. Isabel looked at him wonderingly. How different was this adieu from that passionate farewell under Thurston's oak, when he had flung himself upon the ground and wept aloud in the anguish of parting from her!

"Only one more word, Mrs. Gilbert," Roland said, after a brief pause. "Your husband—does he know about this?"

"No—I—I should have told him—I think—and asked him to give me the money, only he is very ill; he must not be troubled about anything."

"He is very ill—your husband is ill?"

"Yes—I thought every one knew. He is very, very ill. It is on that account I came here so late. I have been sitting in his room. Good night."

"But you cannot go back alone; it is such a long way. It will be 2 o'clock in the morning before you can get back to Graybridge. I will drive you home, or it will be better to let my coachman—my mother's old coachman—drive you home."

It was in vain that Mrs. Gilbert protested against this arrangement. Roland's wife had been admitted by his valet, all the other servants at their next morning's breakfast. Under these circumstances Mrs. Gilbert could not leave Mordred with too much publicity. Isabel returned very comfortably to Graybridge; but she begged the coachman to stop at the top of the lane, where she alighted and bade him good night.

She found all dark in the little surgery, which she entered by means of her husband's latch key, and she crept softly up the stairs to the room opposite that in which George Gilbert lay, watched over by Mrs. Jefferson.

"See that some hothouse grapes and a pine are sent to Mr. Gilbert at Graybridge," Roland said to his valet, on the morning after Isabel's visit. "I was very sorry to hear of his serious illness from his wife last night."

Mr. Lansdell's valet, very busily occupied with a hat brush, smiled softly to himself as his employer made this speech. The master of Mordred Priory need scarcely have stained his cravat with any hypocritical phrase respecting the Graybridge surgeon.

"I shouldn't mind laying a twelve-month's wages that if her husband dies he marries her within six months," Roland's man servant remarked, as he slipped his second cup of coffee; "I never did see such an infatuated young man in all my life."

Roland went to Lowlands in the evening. He found Gwendoline in the drawing room, looking something like Marie Antoinette in a demi-toilette of gray silk, with a black lace scarf crossed upon her stately shoulders, and tied in a careless bow at the back of her waist. Mr. Raymond was established in a big chintz-covered easy chair, turning over a box of books newly arrived and muttering scornful comments on their titles and contents.

"At last," he exclaimed, as Mr. Lansdell's name was announced. "I've called the last two months; but as your people always said you were out, and I could always see by their faces that you were at home, I have given up the business in despair."

The dinner was drawing to a close when Gen. Rutysdale mentioned a name that awakened all Mr. Lansdell's attention.

"He rode into Graybridge after leaving you, Roland," he said, "and I made a call on you. I was sorry to hear that Mr. Gilbert—Gilson—Gilbert, ah, yes, Gilbert—that very worthy young doctor, whom we met at your house, is ill. Low fever—really in a very dangerous state. You'll be very sorry to hear it, Gwendoline."

"I am sorry to hear it," she said. "I am sorry for Mr. Gilbert, for more than one reason. I am sorry he has so very bad a wife."

Roland's face flushed crimson, and he turned to his cousin as if about to speak, but Mr. Raymond was too quick for him.

"I think the less we say upon that subject the better," he exclaimed, eagerly; "I think, Gwendoline, that is a subject that had much better not be discussed here."

She was very quiet, but very pale, and looked at her cousin as steadily in the eyes as if she had been fighting a small-sword duel with him. The subject is one that will scarcely bear discussion here or elsewhere; but since you accuse me of feminine malice, I am bound to defend myself. I say that Mrs. Gilbert is a very bad wife. A person who is seen to attend a secret rendezvous with a stranger, not once, but several times, with all appearance of stealth and mystery, while her husband lies between life and death, must surely be one of the worst of women."

Gwendoline rose from the table and for her. But Roland's eyes were never lifted from his empty plate; he was waiting for something; and now and then a little convulsive movement of his lower lip betrayed that he was agitated; but that was all. Then the general exclamation at the lateness of the hour.

"I've some letters to write that must go by to-night's post," he said. "I know how I excuse me if I leave you for an hour or so."

Charles Raymond murmured some polite little conventionalities as the general left the room; but he never removed his eyes from Roland's face. He had watched the brewing of the storm, and was prepared for a sudden thunder clap. Nor was he mistaken in his calculations. (To be continued.)

A Wonderful Structure.

One of the longest bridges in the world has been completed across one of the largest falls in the world, the Victoria falls, Central Africa, the width, height and volume of flowing water of which far outrivals the falls of Niagara. The bridge is properly over the Zambesi river, just below the falls, and offers a magnificent view of them. It is one of the connecting links in the Cape-to-Calro Railroad, and is the most difficult piece of engineering executed in the entire enterprise.

It is one of the longest steel arch bridges in the world, and has a clear span of 500 feet and crosses the gorge of the Zambesi at a height of 420 feet above the water. It is parabolic, two hinged, steel arch, composed of two ribs spaced 27 feet 6 inches apart at the crown. The arch was built out from both ends, and as no staging or false work could be built up to the required height it was necessary to design the arch to withstand the strain of erection by anchoring the top chord. The method of anchoring was by boring two holes in the solid rock 30 feet deep and 30 feet apart, and connecting them by a tunnel at the bottom. The anchor cables were attached to the top chord and then carried back and down one pit to the top, thus securing them to a mass of rock 30 feet deep by 30 feet wide.

Latest Thing at a Wedding.

Mrs. Knicker—Was it a fashionable wedding?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes, indeed; the bride was attended by a divorcee of honor.

—New York Sun.

RUSS BARBARITIES TOLD.

Revolting Tales of Atrocities on Teutonic Landlords.

Frightful stories are coming from the interior of Czarist Russia, where desperate fighting has occurred between the troops and insurgents. Revolting tales are told of the barbarities practiced on the German landlords, who are more detested by the Cossacks than the Russians. In a fight near Tulum fourteen dragoons were killed and sixteen wounded. It is estimated that the insurgents lost 300 men killed. A squadron of cavalry was ambushed and badly cut up near Grossast and limped into Mitau with its wounded.

Despite the statement in St. Petersburg that two army corps are being sent to the Baltic provinces it is learned that no such number of troops is available. The government has sent two regiments from St. Petersburg in reply to the frantic appeals for reinforcements, but it is considered too dangerous to deplete the garrison of the capital any further during the present crisis and the government can only await the arrival of Cossacks and other troops, which are being hurried forward by Gen. Linevich from Manchuria. Meanwhile, the government's fear is that the rebellion which is extending southward to the Polish frontier may arouse the Poles to an armed uprising.

Reliable details regarding the establishment of the so-called Republic of Kharkov have been received. The workmen's socialist organizations, joined by 300 troops, took possession of the city and with the aid of militia armed with pikes, revolvers and axes established a government or "federated council," as the executive committee was called. This council issued decrees which the authorities were unable to resist.

The council turned off the electricity from houses on the ground that it only benefited the rich, while allowing it to burn in the streets, where it benefited the people, and declared war on the thieves, who had been terrorizing the city. When a robber was captured he was placed under a triphammer with the threat that it would be dropped unless he revealed the whereabouts of the booty. This usually was effective in each case and the recovered plunder was returned to its owners. Two notorious robbers were hanged in the public square.

The cable companies in New York received notice Tuesday that telegraphic communication with St. Petersburg had again been severed.

NEW POSTMASTER FOR CHICAGO.

Fred A. Busse is to succeed F. E. Coyne in Position.

Fred A. Busse has been nominated by President Roosevelt to be postmaster at Chicago and the nomination was confirmed by the Senate after it was received.

Mr. Busse was the choice of Senators Cullom and Hopkins to succeed F. E. Coyne.

Fred A. Busse was born in the north town of Chicago March 3, 1866. He was educated in the public schools, and later engaged with his father in the hardware business. He took an interest in Republican politics from the time he was old enough to vote, and by his ability as an organizer soon came to be recognized as a factor in north town politics. He was employed in the sheriff's office for several years, and later was chief clerk in the north town office. In 1894 he was elected north town clerk on the Republican ticket, and in the fall of that year he was elected to the State Legislature from the Twenty-first Senatorial District. He served in the Thirty-ninth General Assembly, and in 1898 he was elected to the State Senate from the same district, and served as Senator in the Forty-first and Forty-second General Assemblies.

In 1902 he was nominated for State Treasurer by the Republican State convention, and served until Jan. 1, 1903. Mr. Busse has been considered as one of the Republican leaders in Cook county. He is now engaged in the coal business.

OLD WORLD NOTABLES.

The Kaiser receives \$3,925,000 a year as King of Prussia, but nothing as Emperor of Germany.

Sir William Watson has been appointed chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, vice Lord Inverclyde.

Krantz, the Czar of Russia's chef, is by tradition and position a gentleman, and has the right of wearing a sword.

The Khedive of Egypt is not only a monogamist but a teetotaler, and does not smoke—not even an Egyptian cigarette.

The King of Bavaria receives \$1,350,000 a year, the King of Saxony \$875,000 and the Grand Duke of Baden \$400,000.

The King of Greece is the greatest linguist among monarchs. He reads twelve languages and speaks most of them.

King George of Greece, while strolling about Incognito, failed to answer the challenge of a sentry and was fired at, but escaped with a rent in his overcoat.

Next day he summoned the sentry to the palace, thanked him for his devotion, and presented him with one of the minor military orders.

The King of Italy is not only one of the most enthusiastic of royal motorists but, perhaps, the only one who has qualified by passing a severe practical examination. He is a clever mechanic and repairs his cars.

Emil Zerkowits, the noted Hungarian author, who has been commissioned as special envoy by his government with the purpose of establishing important commercial relations between that country and this, recently arrived in New York. He has a boy named George Washington Zerkowits, who was born on Feb. 22, 1903.

AGRICULTURAL

kept always painted, they will last a very long time. One of the advantages of painting roofs is to keep water from the mull, where rusting sooner rots the wood where they are driven.

The Farm Toolshop.

It is the exception, rather than the rule, to find a shop as a branch of farm work nowadays. We run to the store for any little thing we want, pay two prices for it and lose valuable time. Our fathers had all of the small tools in the shop and could make any repairs not of a serious nature on any tool or appliance of the farm and do it quickly and inexpensively. Our hired help are kept busy on rainy days going over tools and wagons, painting and repairing. If the harness breaks there are waxed ends of thread ready for use or some rivets to repair larger breaks. The shop contains a small mill and a vise as well as a wooden lamp in which to hold the ends of leather when sewing them. Nails, screws, bolts, hinges and the like are kept in small numbers, but in various sizes. Oils, monkey wrenches, chisels, hammers and the like are always here and we are prepared for any small trouble. A very small corner of the barn is large enough for the shop, and it will pay to begin now to set up such a place, adding tools as one can.

Small Farming.

It is not always the man who has 50, 300 or 500 acres of land who is making the most money in proportion to the amount he has invested in it. There are those who with 10, 15, 20 or 25 acres, are making more than the average farmer with five or ten times that amount of land. As a rule the man who has a small farm has a better chance of success than the man who has a large farm. With it he can secure labor, manure, fertilizers and all that is necessary to bring his little farm up to the highest point of successful production. Many of our farmers would be better to sell half their land and buy the remainder of their farm, and thus acquire a better man to run it, than to pay taxes upon the land and have it run by a halfhearted man.

Active Apparatus.

A mode of treating bruised, and sometimes diseased limbs of animals—as, for instance, the leg of a horse—is by pouring a stream of water upon it from a point affected. Heretofore it has been universally customary for the person in charge of the animal to hold the end of a hose at the point desired and pour the stream of water upon it for such a time as might be deemed necessary. This mode of holding the hose is more or less defective, in that the stream of water could not be directed upon the exact spot for any length of time on account of the person holding the hose becoming tired and unable to direct it uniformly. In order to obviate these difficulties and to produce an apparatus not requiring constant attention, the device here illustrated was produced.

Continuous Wire Fencing.

The Iron Age is authority for the statement that wire fencing is now produced in continuous rolls by automatic electric welders. A number of galvanized wires are fed from reels arranged vertically and parallel to each other, while from other reels arranged transversely vertical lengths of wire are placed across the horizontal wire first mentioned.

These wires intersect they are electrically welded, when another set moves forward automatically, and the process is repeated.

Farm Notes.

Loose and hard pulling makes wind-broke horses.

If deep are not kept constantly in good condition the quality of the wool is affected.

Dairying is practically a cash business. It's profitable, too, in poor times. Slay it!

You can't grind corn and get wheat flour. Neither can you feed straw and get butter-fat.

A proper poultry house is not necessarily one with a jim-crack roof and a gilt feather-cock.

Cream should have uniform consistency as well as uniform ripeness when it goes to the churn.

Profit in dairying depends upon four things—good cows, good and cheap feed, good care and a good market.

No animal of any breed or species of domestic animals will uniformly produce young that are all of a superior order.

Hens are without exception the most easily neglected of all the living creatures that are profitable to the farmer.

The latest statistics show that only about one-third of the farmers are owners of the land they farm in Argentina, while in the United States the proportion is almost two-thirds.

Roof Painting Points.

The roof wears out, unless kept painted, faster than any other part of a wooden building. It pays better to keep the roof painted than it does to slide, and it will also need to be painted oftener. When shingles are used from clear, straight-grain wood and

THE NEWS.
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.
A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, - Publisher
By Mail, One Dollar Per Year, in Advance.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

If Mr. Harriman did not support B. B. Odell, which one of New York's population is guilty?

The cadets at Annapolis will be much surprised if Congress has the temerity to investigate them.

Society items from the South do not state where John D. Rockefeller is spending his Christmas holiday.

Considering the fate of Press Agent Bishop, it looks as though Chief Engineer Wallace was a pretty wise citizen after all.

Six enterprising newspapers have had the only authentic description of Miss Alice Roosevelt's engagement ring. And they are all different.

Speaker Cannon says he wishes there were about 327 Republicans who would display Mr. Lamar's indifference to a place of the Foreign Relations Committee.

It will be something of a joke if the Penny sticks to its anti-pass order long enough to make some congressmen spend their mileage in railroad fares this session.

Tom Lawson's willingness to bust the "system" with other people's money reminds one of Artemus Ward's willingness to sacrifice his wife's relatives on the altar of his country.

"Uncle Sam" Morse says the next time that he spends \$87,000 getting one of his nephews a divorce, he will make sure beforehand that the nephew is ready to use it. Not before.

The place where the Interstate Commerce Commission made its mistake was in not attaching some of those safety appliances it recommends to its rate bill before sending it to the Senate.

And now it is announced that all three of the big life insurance presidents in New York are down with nervous prostration. Sounds from testimony as though it ought to be the policy holders.

An entirely fresh light has been thrown on the question of the Philippine tariff by the appearance in Washington of Governor Luke Wright, who has spent nearly six years in the islands altogether, and who is now home for the first time in three years.

Primarily he is supposed to be resting and taking a vacation. As a matter of fact he has been for nearly a fortnight before the Ways and Means Committee of the House every day, listening to the testimony that has been given on the subject of the insular tariff and waiting to put in his word on the subject. Now this word is, according to some of Governor Wright's private remarks since he has been in Washington, that the subject of Philippine free trade is the biggest bug-a-boo that has been sprung recently on the American public.

Instead, as has been stated before the committee, of the Philippines being able to produce 600,000 tons more of export sugar than is consumed in the United States, Gov. Wright says that they will be lucky if they are able to export 300,000 tons per annum at the end of five years. The United States, by the way, consumes very close to 2,000,000 tons annually. His explanation for this state of affairs is that the islands have neither the land nor the labor for flooding the American markets with raw sugar. The tobacco situation, he says is just about the same as the sugar. There are two good tobacco provinces in the archipelago, and outside of these the bulk of the tobacco raised, aside from being a very coarse crop, is used exclusively for home consumption. The tobacco manufacturers in Manila want the crop at the lowest possible prices, quite naturally from their viewpoint. So they are in the van of the fight to keep the American tariff from being lowered. Now the question naturally arises, if these things be true, why should Gov. Wright or anyone else be interested in lowering the tariff. He explains it by saying that the low tariff will help trade in general, and there is a big export business in hemp and copra, much of which goes to France for manufacture, which had just as well come to the United States, while we had just as well sell the 10,000,000 Philippines what they need as to have this trade scattered among the nations of Europe where it does us no good. If Gov. Wright's statements are accurate, and there is little cause to believe they are not, we are nursing the tariff bogey with a vengeance and much to our own disadvantage. But as usual, the vested interests are keeping an active lobby at the Capitol, and no one else seems to care.

An idea for Philanthropists.
Helping a man or woman in need of money to negotiate an awkward or hard-pressed period ought to commend itself as readily to the true philanthropist as the idea of supporting and endowing a hospital. What is requisite is an institution which, for lack of better definition, we should call a hospital of affairs.—Public Opinion.

Judge's Kind Admonition.
On one occasion Judge Dewey of Boston had before him a couple of girls charged with stealing ribbons from wreaths on graves. As the evidence of their guilt was not satisfactory, he ordered their discharge, accompanying it with this admonition: "Girls, keep out of the cemeteries as long as you can."—Law Notes.

Blessing of Sound Sleep.
The best rest comes from good, sound sleep. Of two men or women otherwise equal the one who sleeps the more satisfactorily will be the more healthful, moral and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and unhappiness.

German Military Penalty.
From picking up an apple while on a march and not dropping it immediately when ordered to do so by a sergeant, a soldier of the Sixty-ninth (German) Infantry has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment at Troves.

Library of British Museum.
The library of the British Museum now contains forty-three miles of shelves, upon which are 3,800,000 entries. The collection is growing at the rate of 60,000 a year. Every year, also, the museum adds 270,000 newspapers to its files.

To Keep Windows from "Sweating."
Glass windows "sweat" considerably during cold weather. To prevent this rub a thin coat of pure glycerine on both sides of the glass. This will prevent any moisture forming on it.

Rough skin and cracked hands are not only cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve but an occasional application will keep the skin soft and smooth. Best for eczema, cuts, burns, boils, etc. The genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve affords immediate relief in all forms of blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Buys Old Teeth.
An advertiser in a British magazine says: "Old artificial teeth bought. Call, or if forwarded by post, utmost value per return. Messrs. Smith, manufacturing dentists, Oxford street, London. Established one hundred years."

No Way of Escape.
Little Freddy (after listening to the usual maternal quarrel between his father and mother—Mamma, if a little boy is very, very good all the time when he is little, does he have to get married when he's grown up?—Famille-Journal.

Spirit of Contentment.
She was an old woman, a woman aged and poor, but sunny and serene. Some one asked what in the world she could find to make her happy, to which she replied: "Well, I didn't get but two teeth, but, thank goodness, they fit."

Maternal Love.
It makes a woman awful proud to have some one tell her the baby looks like the President when she knows it looks like a piece of pumpkin pie.—New York Press.

SEED TIME

The experienced farmer has learned that some grains require far different soil than others; some crops need different handling than others. He knows that a great deal depends upon right planting at the right time, and that the soil must be kept enriched. No use of complaining in summer about a mistake made in the spring. Decide before the seed is planted.

The best time to remedy wasting conditions in the human body is before the evil is too deep rooted. At the first evidence of loss of flesh

Scott's Emulsion should be taken immediately. There is nothing that will repair wasted tissue more quickly or replace lost flesh more abundantly than Scott's Emulsion. It nourishes and builds up the body when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

We'll send you a sample free.
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
409 Pearl Street
NEW YORK
See, and get, all druggists



AFTER THE CONFLICT
BATTLEFIELD SEEN STRIPPED
OF WAR'S ROMANCE.

Living and Dead Found Together Following the Fighting of the Shaho—Former Enemies Made Companions by Mutual Misery.

A war correspondent describes what he saw on the battlefield of the Shaho: "We rode toward the wood beyond the narrow valley where hundreds had fallen. A voice called to us. We turned and saw only the dead. A low, timorous voice haunted the dread stillness of this hecatomb. Our eyes wandered over the dead in search of a sign of the living. A bush opened as though stirred by the wind and out of the green peered a wan face. The man's legs were shattered; one limb hung loose like the empty sleeve of a coat. He had bound up his wounds and crawled into the bush, where he dug a shallow grave in which to hide himself from the enemy whom he had been taught to fear even in death. A few crusts of black bread and a bottle of water had kept him alive for three days until the appearance of a European gave him courage to betray his hiding place. We took a coat from a dead soldier and with two rifles made a stretcher upon which the groaning burden was borne to a hospital.

"In the nullah through which the enemy fled under murderous fire the dead and dying lay like leaves of an autumn forest. Here I happened upon a strangely pathetic group—a wounded Russian attended by two Japanese soldiers. They had made him a bed of coats, had emptied their water bottles down his parched throat, had lighted a cigarette for him and had settled down for a quiet talk, for wounds ever have a tongue that needs no interpreter. Near the entrance to this valley of the shadow was a field of maize. The sheaves stood like towers of gold. Days before, when the guns woke the echoes among the hills and this valley was an active volcano, I saw the farmer feeling like Lot from the city of destruction. Children clung to his dark blue robe, while his wife stumbled with a bundle in her arms. The sheaves called in vain to the husbandman, for when death is reaper the harvest of the earth is ungarnered.

"Suddenly, as we looked, one of those golden towers burst open and out darted a pale figure with uplifted hands. 'Plek him up!' It is not pleasant to see a soldier on his knees, and a Japanese is the proudest of men. The Russian was unhurt, but had been in hiding for three days and nights without food. He, too, had waited for the sight of a European and was not content until he had from Capt. Okada a note in Japanese that gave him courage to approach the temple on the hill.

"Thus did we make our way over the field of battle until we came again to the hill of the dead. Upon the green slope, trampled red with bloody feet, lay the drummer who had sounded the alarm. His hand still grasped the drumsticks; his face was driven through the drum and by his side was stretched a charred and haked figure upon which the fire of a grenade had fed. About him lay his comrades, like warriors taking their rest."

Too Impressionistic.
Of John S. Sargent, who has been accused of painting a Baltimore physician's beard blue, a Bostonian said the other day:

"Mr. Sargent will take this fling about the blue beard good naturedly. He likes flings at artists. At a dinner here during his last visit to America I heard him tell a pretty good story at his own expense.

"He was visiting, he said, a country family near Woodstock, and one morning, by a lake side, he set up his easel and began to paint. His subject was the stretch of water and the rolling hills behind.

"As he painted away a house servant came to tell him that luncheon was ready.

"As Mr. Sargent slowly cleaned his brushes he noticed that the man was lingering to study the wood and water scene upon the canvas.

"Well," said the artist, "what do you think of my picture?"

"Why, sir," the servant faltered, "I can't say as it's such a very good likeness of the master!"

How Duffy Won His Bet.
John P. Duffy, the Boston lawyer, and a friend were seated in his office the past summer. The talk turned to the next day's parade of the Knights Templar, and the dangers of a body of marching men passing over the boards covering the subway excavation on Washington street were discussed. Finally the friend offered to bet Mr. Duffy there would be an accident there the next day. The bet was taken. After his friend departed Mr. Duffy called up the transit commissioners by telephone and called their attention to the danger. When asked what he advised, he suggested that they break step on Washington street. The suggestion was adopted. There was no accident the next day.

Traveling Kitchens for Armies.
Traveling kitchens, which have long been in use in the Russian army and which did much to increase the comfort of the soldiers during the long battles of the recent war, are now being tried in the French maneuvers, with a view to their introduction into the French army.

Japanese Advertising.
In advertising, the Japanese are making great strides. The agents of the government tobacco monopoly, in advertising their goods in Manchuria, declare that their cigarette "administers life," "supports the spirits"; "this cigarette, of government manufacture, is sweet and of good quality, famous, once tried always to feel as if in a dream like unto the Mountain Woo-Shan."

Seville in Winter.
There could not be a more beautiful climate than that of Seville in winter. It is as dry as a bone, and there is never a day which is not sunshiny from dawn to sunset. Gout and rheumatism are unknown and Baedeker's guide to Spain is the fat little volume it is because there are so many Sevillian churches and palaces and gardens, all with a star against them, which are show places.

In Mad Chase
Millions rush in mad chase after health, from one extreme of faddism to another, when, if they would only eat good food, and keep their bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills, their troubles would all pass away. Prompt relief and quick cure for liver and stomach trouble. 25c at J. H. Swan's drug store; guaranteed.

Golf as a Fertilizer.
In every community throughout the country wherein the game has been established the golf course has been an invaluable aid to local prosperity. The current of the golf stream has spread steadily along the whole of our seaboard, fertilizing the waste lands left in undisturbed possession of the rabbit, the seagull and the plover.—The Field.

Decision Inspires Confidence.
The decided man carries a positive atmosphere. He impresses you with his force and power to do things. His very presence inspires confidence and conviction. You feel sure that a man confronts you, and not a weakling. He knows what he thinks, and says it; he knows what he wants to do, and does it.

Low-Water Alarm.
Some low water alarms for boilers are made dependent for operation upon the melting of a fusible alloy exposed to the heat of the steam. When the water falls and the temperature rises, the melting of the alloy releases a weight-actuated circuit-closer and rings a bell.

The most pleasant, safest and best remedy to use for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc., is Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. This remedy expels all from the system by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. Sold by J. H. Swan.

How Bear Escapes from Trap.
When caught by a paw in the jaws of a trap a bear will drag the heavy apparatus and its clog until the latter is caught in the brush or trees, and then, if the paw is not too far, will often pull out or chew off the captive member.

Truth in Healing.
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